Doppleganger

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Doppleganger

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal arrives at Will's home in Wolf Trap to find a man who looks suspiciously similar to himself.

Notes

ehehehehe sorry Nigel you're probably about to get Chesapeake Ripped <3

Hannibal's teeth are already girt tight enough to ache by the time he shuts the door behind him. The Bentley rocks with the force of it, a great slamming sound that startles the dogs inside. He'd been in a pleasant enough mood on the drive here, prepared and even enthused about a meeting he was to have with Will Graham. The source of his ire, indeed his fury, is parked outside the little house in Wolf Trap.

Just beside Will's awful little Volvo there is a white Dodge Charger. Hannibal has never seen it before. It is just after nine o'clock in the morning. The sight of the vehicle makes Hannibal's blood turn molten.

He's too incensed to knock. Instead he simply reaches for the front door, prepared to wrench it open. It opens from the inside before he can seize the opportunity.

Standing before Hannibal is a man. A man who is approximately Hannibal's age, his height, his build. It's nearly uncanny, he thinks as he stares this man in the face. True, his attire is awful, his hair is greasy and unkempt, and the most hideous tattoo Hannibal has ever seen is plastered over his neck— but his features are remarkably similar to Hannibal's own.

"Shit," the man says. "Didn't see you there." He scans Hannibal, breifly, his expression implying that he comes to the same disquieting conclusion. Hannibal scowls. The stranger reeks of nicotine. And sex.

His hands ball into fists.

When Hannibal refuses to move aside, the man awkwardly brushes past him, smoothing his hair back with a muttered 'What the fuck?' as he strides toward his car. It's then that Will appears. He's standing in the doorway, dressed in a pair of navy sweatpants. His chest is bare, and Hannibal is caught between drinking in the sight of him and shielding him from view.

"Doctor Lecter. I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting you," he says, though his tone gives Hannibal ample reason to doubt his claim. "Were we supposed to meet this morning?"

It takes a moment for Hannibal to find his voice. He shoulders his way into the house, struggling to collect himself with the scent of that unsavory stranger still hanging thick and obnoxious in the air. "We were," he replies at length as he smoothes down his jacket. "I hope I didn't interrupt you, Will. I'm not used to you having… company."

Will shakes his head. "He was on his way out, anyway."

Hannibal looks around the house. Will's bed is unmade, a small pile of rumpled clothes lies discarded on the floor. "Who was that, if I may ask?"

"A friend," Will says with a slight shrug.

The sweatpants Will is wearing barely cling to his waist, putting his hipbones on display. A tease, effortlessly stealing Hannibal's attention.

"He looked familiar."

Will says nothing, but he smirks slightly. Hannibal takes a step closer.

“What’s his name? Perhaps I know him from somewhere.”

He bites his lip, just for a moment. “I don’t think I asked.”

“Not very close with your friends, are you?”

Will chuckles at that, leaning back against the wall with a sigh. “We slept together, is that what you want to hear? I met him at the bar last night.”

Hannibal can’t stop himself from growling at the admission. Will laughs again, looking up at Hannibal through his lashes.

“What’s the matter, Doctor?”

As he speaks, he tips his head to the side. His throat catches the light, just so. It’s ruined, covered from jaw to shoulder in brilliant bites and purpling bruises. Will’s next words are low, taunting.

“You aren’t jealous, are you?”

The spark of cruelty in Will’s eye says everything. Hannibal closes the space between them with long strides, catches Will by his hair, yanks him close. Will gasps.

“Wicked, awful thing,” Hannibal says, more praise than admonishment. “If you wanted me to make love to you, Will, you only ever needed to ask.”

Will moans, pressing his hips to Hannibal’s. He’s hard, they both are. “Getting a rise out of you was the only way, I’m afraid. I don’t want you to make love to me, Doctor Lecter,” he breathes, and leans up to whisper filthily in his ear.

“I want you to fuck me.”

Without another word, Hannibal seizes Will in his arms and all but throws him onto the bed.

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